

13 Psalms for Nu

by

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13 PSALMS for NU

by Frater אֹהֶב הַנּוֹ

one cannot call her by her dream name
her only name cannot be called
her ears can soak up any whisper
her heart each tongue can touch with song
her tears are only to bathe
the circumstantial bathysphere
which all souls think a mirror
and all fools know a veil

I declare a name
I defy lips to speak it
or pens to write it
or gods to will it
even this
egg

sweet Nuit is sour
also, if she is not
everything; her feet
are two black holes
(being the one big bang, the
point of limitless expansion,
Hadi),
two black feet, holes with legs
and Milky Way, the vertebrae,
in her back which arches through the universe

the smell of her hair
more fragrant than her flowering hands
of dying galaxies

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All people are stars
and they say that stars twinkle

tohu va-bohu
existed before
tohu va-bohu
existed

Chaos opened
its viole(n)t eyes
Night got tired
and created day
Sight got bored
and created light

Most people are eyes
and they say that eyes twinkle

One star
in the company of stars
on occasion,
and one light
in the loneliness of night
on occasion,
and one note
in the key of be
occurs
continually,
packed discretely
in bite-sized bundles
of timelessness
not being

Nowhere was it said, this thing

which the dead whisper in dreams
of the living, this thought

which universal Mind, unknowing,
thinks again and again.

For how many countless regenerations?

How many times have I penned these lines?

And what is the difference
between five and six,
in the infinite series of integers?

Yet one thing I do know:
that wedged in the middle is zero.

Babalon
is a
very beautiful woman.
Seven stars shine in
her body of one vagina,
her mouth of one scarlet anus.
Like teeth they shine, like purple cockheads,
for her womb bears the egg that bears
the whale that is the snake that eats its
tail. Babalon is a very beautiful tree; her roots are
deep in the fertile soil boiling with worms and hair and
corpses-- bones and teeth, a necklace of skulls, an anklet of eyes,
a garland of flowers, a lei for the hula of lust, red dance
of her mouth which wets so eagerly to drink the lion's hot white blood.

On the violet verge of paradise
a shining snake from the lion flies.
He finds refuge in the eagle's nest
and with her eggs is thrice thrice-blest.
And there their hearts the worm entwines.
The fire of bliss shoots up their spines
and down the eagle, now a dove
descends ablaze in fluid love.
The kiss of Nu, the point of Had!
O Ra Hoor Khu, unveiling god!
If it be pleasing to thine eye
let us the wine of joy imbibe!

A picture grows upon the wall,
telling tales of giants,
while seasons march right through it all,
unconquerably quiet.

There bellies burst with berries from
the first most festive feast of Spring.
There Summer burns with vital force
and War and Love make fitting kings,
while Autumn's judgement sits in courts
whose sentences the harvest brings,
and Winter prisons freeze and crack
like sharp reports of armed attack,
and all the dreams of painters die
each time one flower blooms again.

The angel won't talk
so I'm forced to take desperate measures,

"I'm holding this body hostage
until you tell me what I want to know!"

"Go ahead.",
said the angel,
"Pull the trigger",
her glow began to burn,
"I've been planning to kill it anyway!"

And at that the earth shook,
heaven fell,
and I was ME.

The first meeting leaves me
optimistic. The beauty of brown
mane and blue-jeaned bottom
takes my breath away,
and sends it back infused
with scents of sweat, and oil,
and seeds of several children.
Then doubt descends like Apophis.
Cliches abound, my thoughts go 'round,
rejection, loneliness, despair.
A frightened boy, embarrassed by his lust,
has grown a mask of benevolent indifference.
He knows quite well that love may hurt
me. But if I meet you again, will you smile?

They think I love you.
They see the way I smile
and stare, caressing your cheek
whenever you come near.
And yet I'm only playing,
practicing the love I feel
for one who cannot be
held, whose soft, sweet lips
hold back from mine,
whose mind alone
is open to my most passionate
embrace. She is the one
I love, and yet,
they think I love you.

I wonder if the Sun our father
loves with all his heart and soul
that luring Lyran, milk-white Vega
drinking in her photon glow.
I wonder if their orbits bring them
once together in one place,
and in a dance of gravitation
the marriage bed they celebrate.
I wonder when the merging comes
if men of Earth will understand,
and leap with joy to join the feast,
and rush to greet the dawn's hot death,
and melt, with love, to kiss Nuit,
that now their father's found his mate.

A still, small voice
spoke up
from the back of the burning bus.

"Driver,
why am I talking to myself?",
it said.

"Because there ain't nobody
but me, buddy.",
the driver mused,
as if anyone else
could hear.

I got off at Church and Market.
Forgetfulness, sleep, and death.